AN ELEGY

Upon that Renowned

Hero and Cavalier,

THE

Lord CAPEL,

Who (for his Loyalty) was Barbarouſly Murther'd in the *Palace-Yard* at *Weſtminſter*, on the day of 16

Preſerved by a Loyal Perſon; And never before Printed.

SO have I ſeen a frolick Bridegroom come,
And guild with ſmiles the gaudy Wedding-room,
Joy dancing on his Face, whilſt in his Eye
The young Bride's Bluſhes kept true Harmony:
Juſt with that look the *Romans* Victors all
In Triumph rid unto the Capital;
But not the *Deecij* to their Death, their Eyes
Beheld but Fame, Thine bleſt Eternity;
Moſt like the Fire-prooft Martyr, that proclaims
His Conqueſt crown'd in Pyramids of Flames,
In raviſhment of Soul; and leaves the Toy
Of Life, not with exceſs of Pain, but Joy.
I, ſo brave *CAPEL* fell; the Scaffold bore
No look of life, but he Dying wore,
Death lookt like Death, and all the ſtanders by,
As if that he had come, to ſee them dye;
Envy her ſelf Great *CAPEL*'s Triumph ſung;
Earth groan'd his Exit; whilſt all Heaven rung
With a loud Plaudit, extaſi'd to ſee
This laſt Great Act, of his red Tragedy.

Treaſon combin'd, call'd *Law eſtabliſhed*;
Immediate Death by Tyrants menaced,
Could not his Rock-built Conſtancy abate;
But his Juſt Soul ſtood ſtill Reſolv'd like Fate.
And had the Machine of the whole World broke,
The Ruins ſtill had him undaunted took:
To view his Life, would but redrown'd the Eye
Of his and Virtue's Friends; Truth's Hiſtory
Shall write it to the Age unborn, and they
Peruſe it with that Zeal good Veſtals pray;
And that ſad Page which tells his Death, appears
The Winding-ſheet of many Sighs and Tears;
His Life, Why? 'tis a Theme for Angels meet;
But this I'le ſay, Of all the Heav'n-bound Fleet,
Of Crimſon Martyrs, through the red Sea gon,
Of *England*'s Treaſon and Rebellion,
Except their matchleſs Royal Admiral,
CAPEL came richeſt home in the Ark Loyal;
Where all the Stars ſhot Volleys, and was giv'n
Eternal Welcome to his Haven, Heaven.

London: Printed by *H. Hills, Jun.* for *W. Davis*, 1683. 27.